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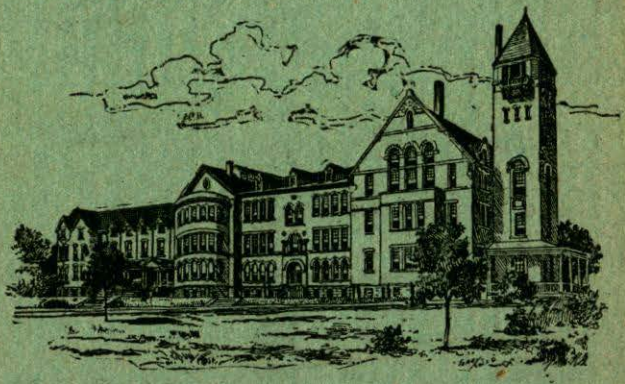

The Parthenon.

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HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

AT THE present period of society, when the light of knowledge, no longer the feeble glimmer of an uncertain dawn, is rapidly becoming "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day," it may seem *mal a pro pos* to discuss the higher education of *woman* in contradistinction to higher education; but it will take many a year yet, the efforts of many a strong, wise woman, and many a patient struggle on the part of school and college before we shall be wholly rid of the idea that it makes no difference how a woman is educated.

Let us go back of the chivalric period, back of the Spartan mother, yes even back to the Egyptian woman—the wife of the Pagan, and see how she was educated.

She belonged to her father or husband rather than herself; she was excluded from intercourse with strangers; shut up in her home, guarded by female slaves, given in marriage without her consent, and so continually doomed to household drudgery, that she became capable of nothing higher.

Her lot was hard because it was unequal, humiliating, and degrading; causing her to be timorous, frivolous, or artful.

Yes, the Pagan would rather have a poor humiliated, suppliant slave than an intelligent companion.

The Jewish maiden was more honored. She was not, however, the sympathetic friend, but rather the coy maiden, the obedient daughter, the patriotic songstress, the intriguing wife, the vigilant housekeeper or the ambitious mother.

It was not until christianity was introduced, that woman became a *friend*— an angel of consolation, the rival of man in character and intellect and in the words of England's greatest laureate, "Twice as magnetic to sweet influence of earth and heaven."

Leaving the neglected Egyptian slave and the inferior Jewish wife, note what education did for two representatives of the Christian era—Queen Elizabeth and Hannah Moore. The former educated

by that great sage, Ascham, was so brilliant and sagacious that all the intellectual wonders of the age hovered round her; the latter was the representative of one of the grandest moral movement of modern times—that which aims to develop the mind and soul of woman, and give to her that dignity of which she had been robbed by paganism.

Most ancient writers created but two types of woman; one is a being to be loved and protected, and in return she is to love with unselfish and unfaltering devotion; the other is faithless, unreasonable, and cunning.

Here and there a genius like Shakespeare has fashioned a human woman, a "woman who has eaten the apple and is still in the garden." I believe the change from cold courtesy to smiling favor on the part of the public towards woman, has come through realization of the fact that "woman's hour has struck."

Complex, ardent, hungering after knowledge and experience, the modern woman is very far away from our Puritan grandmother, who was content with a limited education, and domestic interests. One wonders if they were better, or only less frank, than the daughters of this restless age, who have declared themselves to be not wholly saints or sinners, or goddesses or housekeepers, but creatures made somewhat after the fashion of man. It is only since she has declared her nature, its complexities, and inconsistencies, its contending forces of good and evil that she has ceased to be a lay figure and become alive.

Why should not woman cope with man in the proudest intellectual tournaments? Has she not quickness, brilliancy, acuteness of observation and even genius? We would not push her into the noisy arena of politics, or into the courts of justice; but we do not deny her intellectual equality.

When it is seen how much more attractive the wives and daughters of favored classes have made themselves by culture, how much more capable they are of training and educating their children, and how much more dignified the family circle may thus become, every man who is a father will rejoice in a woman's increased opportunities.

The Civil War contributed largely to woman's intellectual advancement. Every death meant the loss of a protector to at least

one woman, and every one of those gallant young fellows who kissed the hand of his lady-love and went forth to die, robbed one woman's life of the absorbing interest of love, which gone she turned to intellectual life for what consolation it could give. The ethical and humanitarium element appealed directly to her and before she knew it she was speaking and writing for the public. And now woman's world is as wide as man's. When to a few daring souls the conviction, that education was a right of personality rather than sex, came, and when there was added to this growing sentiment a pressing demand for educated women as teachers and leaders in philanthrophy, many noble men came to the rescue of those who had agitated this chivalric movement and declared that their daughters should go to school with their sons. There were already colleges, universities and religious institutions all over the country for men, and fathers could not see why the enormous expense of education should be doubled by establishing girl's colleges. Strong moral, often deep religious earnestness, shaped and finally laid the foundation of woman's education in the East. Yet co-education has met with greater favor in the West than elsewhere; some of the older, more generously endowed, more conservative seats of learning in East have remained closed to women. The advanced education of young women is exposed to all the uncertainties, which beset the education of men, but already three clear consistent and accredited types of education appear.

When the ambitious young woman of today arrives at a university—that former "Holy of Holies" within whose sanctuary the "lesser-man" was not allowed to worship—she finds no luxurious boarding hall with presiding matron awaiting her, but with an air of *non chalance* she hails a cabman, finds her own boarding place, arranges her own hours of exercise, of study and of sleep, and chooses her own society and club.

The only advice she gets is from another girl of sophomoric dignity who chances to be in the same house. Strong is the comradeship between such, who nurse one another in illness, admonish one another in health and rival one another only less earnestly than they all rival the boys.

The strength of this system of co-education is found in its tendency to promote independence, individuality, common sense,

foresight, interest in learning for its own sake, friendly, natural, non-sentimental relations with men.

On the other hand the woman's college aims not only to do all that the university does, but also to make homes for its students; aims at a more liberal refinement, a higher sense of beauty, simplicity of tastes, and larger sympathies. Here the American girl, "The choicest product of civilization," is found in all her divers colors. She comes from every political party and a dozen religious denominations; from every State and Territory in the Union, and from foreign lands. The millionaire's daughter of the East sits beside the farmers' daughter of the West; the pride of a Southern senator's home rooms with a Northern general's orphan. Side by side girls of every grade gather that rich experience, which will guide their future labor and make the world seem better.

Demands for a still higher training than the state university, and woman's college gave, increased, and women began to seek the educational centers of Europe.

To satisfy this demand Harvard Annex was established. Here under the shadow of the walls of that famous old school, woman lives and gathers jewels of wisdom dropped from the learned professor's lips; yet Harvard *University* and Harvard *Annex* are two separate colleges, and the University does not even give the girl graduates degrees. If education is for the growth of the human mind, and if the glory of it is in the up-building and out-building of the mind, the womanly mind is just as important, just as much of a divine creation with as wide-reaching possibilities, as is the manly mind.

The education of the American woman is even more important than the man's, because her sphere is more limited and she learns less from experience. We need not fear that higher education will make women "prudes, pedants or cold semi-masculine monstrosities." To be broad-minded, clear-minded, active-minded, free-minded is not to be *strong-minded*.

In the higher realm of intellect woman is to feel the exultation of the human spirit when it faces the great problems of science and philosophy, and feel within itself the aspiration, aye, the ability to comprehend and solve them. She is to know the delight of realizing the infinite fields of knowledge that every where around her lie

open for her exploration. She is to know the joy of comradeship with the mighty thinkers and workers who help to uplift the human race.

Once given full scope to the expression of her powers in every form that may correspond to those powers, and womanhood will blossom into a beauty; and strength, and loveliness, hitherto undreamed of. And since we have found that both the safety and happiness of woman are to be found in her emancipation from every unnatural restriction, and in her fullest opportunity for acquiring knowledge, freedom and power, let no bound be fixed to that opportunity, no conditions to that emancipation. If in the infinite domain of thought and spirit she has found her wings, let her soar. Heaven's blue firmanent is not too high, earth's green fields not too broad, nature's choicest secrets not too sacred.

VIOLA PETERS, '99.

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WOMAN.

WOMAN IS the first, the last and my whole subject. I will give some snap shot definitions of woman; which will be followed by a few things she can do.

Woman is a man's conscience, and it's a good thing for him to always have his conscience with him.

Woman is a bundle of news with extra knots for a mind and heart.

She is the happiness of one man and the trouble of two.

She is the pearl of great price—to obtain her you must risk your life in troublesome waters. She is also a sunflower—bending her head only to golden rays.

Woman is only one rib of a man; but she is worth all the other bones of his body put together.

She is the index of the family book—from her you can judge of the chapters and illustrations.

Woman is the only animal that can breath on half rations, and hold needles and pins in its mouth.

She is the precious porcelain of human clay—to be handled gently and admired from a distance. She is a valuable article that costs more in *keeping* than *acquiring*.

As for what she can do:

She does all that is done. If it were not for women the earth would not revolve, or in the least the men would not know whe'er it was revolving or not.

If the men hadn't the women to think about, they would study astronomical geography so much that they would decide as in ancient times that the sun revolved around the earth, and that the earth was stationary. So you see that it takes the women to keep the earth moving—especially in style.

She can say *no*, and stick to it for a long time. She can also say no in such a low sweet voice that it means yes.

She can sharpen a lead pencil—if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can go to church and when she returns can tell you the price of the dress that every woman in the house had on, what style it was made, and at the same time give a finite idea of what the text was.

She can pass the display window of a draper's shop without stopping—if she is running to catch a train.

She will pretend to get very much insulted if you should mention she is pretty, though at the same time that is her own opinion.

She can row a boat when pushed off on the waters, and there is no other way to get to the shore.

She can build a fire if she thinks when it burns some fellow loves her.

She can walk all day and dance all that coming night in a pair of shoes three numbers too small for her and enjoy every moment of the time.

She can scold a man harshly for his wrong doings and at the same time love him with all her heart.

She can spend two weeks in preparing lunch for a picnic, and remark when eating, "I would have fixed more but didn't have time."

She can—but what is the use. A woman can do any thing and every thing, and do it well.

She can do more in one minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

They can do anything and everything, with two exceptions—they can not write an essay, neither can they kill a mouse.

A woman can dance and a woman can walk
And a woman can play croquet;
She can't keep quiet when there is room to talk,
Because she is not built that way.

MINNIE HAMRICK, '01.

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STONEWALL JACKSON.

IN an humble little cottage in the village of Clarksburg, in the year of 1824, was born a boy who became one of the most remarkable men of his day.

Though encumbered with poverty and hardships, he was born and reared amidst those influences which develop an honest, self-reliant life. He was not quite three when his father died, leaving his mother penniless. She supported herself and three children by sewing and teaching, and at the age of six, Thomas, a pretty rosy-cheeked blue-eyed boy, with waving brown hair, the darling of his mother, was sent to the care of an uncle. What a pitiful sight! that of the little fellow mounted behind an old negro servant riding away from his mother, who stands at her door with streaming eyes and a broken heart, watching him till he disappears.

It is one year afterward when he is summoned to her bedside to witness her death. Many sad days he spent sighing over the now silent sympathy of an earnest and serious mother.

But she had lived long enough to imprint her image on the heart of her son: she furnished the inspiration of his life, and to his dying day he could not speak of her but with an emotion that showed how much he loved her and cherished her memory. Her Christian character exerted an influence upon the first few years of his child-hood that could not be overcome by all the temptations he met in a busy and varied career.

As a boy, he was very industrious, high spirited, the most daring rider of his day in a race; he possessed a strong and restless will; he had a sturdy self confidence and passionate love of conflict.

His warlike ambition was gratified by his receiving an appointment to West Point as a cadet; here his military career was decided.

He was a very hard worker at the academy, and it was only by the most industrious application that he achieved success. He began at the foot of his class and with earnest persistent efforts worked his way to the head.

He graduated after four years of hard studying and was immediately appointed to the command of an artillery brigade in the Mexican war. Every effort was crowned with success. In 1851 he resigned his position to accept a professorship in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va., The *West Point* of the *South*.

In his home instead of sitting apart silent and stern as many suppose, he was the most approachable of human beings, and it is said that he was noted in his family for his playfullness and the quiet humor that often rippled in a smile or the twinkle of the eye.

As soon as he entered his door he would lay aside his military stiffness as he would lay aside his military cloak. The officer was changed into a *man*, and the man into the *boy*. Thus yielding to the natural reactions he abandons himself to play and frolic.

Besides these diversions there was the reading of favorite books in the long winter evening, which lighted up the room like the glow of fire on the hearth, and when the scene was closed with evening prayer, he could but feel that the very peace of God was in his heart and home.

Jackson was a very strict Presbyterian and his observance of the Sabbath was such that he would not only refrain from all worldly occupations on that day, but he would not even write a letter or even read one if he received it though it be from his dearest friend. He said he was sure its sweetness would keep and meanwhile he had the pleasure of anticipation. One exception he was compelled to make. Sometimes he had to fight a battle that holy day, but this he looked upon as a work of necessity if not a mercy. Then he would keep Monday. So scrupulous was he not to defraud the Lord of his just due that he sometimes kept two or three days running ahead to balance the account.

In Lexington, as in many other places, there were many poor negroes whose condition, especially of the children, excited his compassion, and he opened a Sunday school, into which he gathered the little pickaninies from the streets, and he did not take more pride in the martial appearance of the Cadets on parade than in the

rows of dark but bright faces that glistened in his negro Sunday school. Such was the simple round of this good man's life in those tranquil days when he was thrice, thrice happy, happy in his home, in his professional life, and in doing good. But the scene was too bright to last—it was to be darkened. And as the clouds of the Civil war gathered around he was called from his happy home. He prepared to go to Richmond, being at the head of his loyal cadet corps he went in defense of his state. Jackson believed in the Union and abhored slavery, but he thought his first duty was to his state. Before going, however, he returned to his home for a last farewell, and taking the old family Bible, he opened to this word of promise, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be desolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," then, in a voice choked with emotion, prayed for her whom he left behind and for the country that it might yet be spared the horrors of war. Then rising from his knees he crossed the threshold which he was never to cross again.

And as this strong man leaves his home and enters upon his duties of war his faith in a Divine being increases as his trials increase. His negro servant said he always knew when there was going to be a battle because his master arose so many times in the night to pray, and he at once packed his haversack for he knew he would call for it in the morning. Often as he was riding to battle and spake not a word, his lips were observed to be moving in prayer.

He was an incomparable lieutenant and was sure to execute the work entrusted to him with marvelous precision, judgment, and courage. All his individual campaigns and combats bore the masterly capacity for war. The more his operations in the Shenendoah are studied the more striking appear the merits of this successful soldier.

But at the battle of Bull Run, in which both sides took their first lesson in war, this great soldier stood so firmly while the battle raged around him that others who were dismayed took courage, as they saw his unshaken column standing "like a Stonewall," and from this he received the name of "Stonewall Jackson."

As a soldier some competent critics rank him the first war

produced on either side. Not that he was at head of the largest army, nor undertook the most extensive military operations, but with the means he had he accomplished more than did any other commander.

He had made a study of the campaigns of Napoleon and saw that success lay not merely in having the largest battalions but in secrecy of design and rapidity of execution.

In battle, he outdid Napoleon himself, training his men to such a pitch of endurance that he could rush them twenty-five miles a day over a broken country, across rivers, over mountains, and fight a battle as the sun was going down.

Such was Jackson the soldier, a man of iron of whom we think as we read the history of the war that he must have been as unbending as the bronze statue that was unveiled at Lexington.

But was he all iron? or was there in his rugged composition some softer element that brings him more in touch with one common humanity?

This man of iron was found to be one of the simplest, kindest and noblest of men who win our confidence and personal attachment.

Yet he was not to die amid the "battles splendor" nor like Wolf, on the Heights of Abraham in the moment of victory, but destiny seems to have decreed that one so pure and noble should die in the glory of victory and in the noontide of his manhood. He should not live to see final defeat, yet he could not meet death at the hands of the enemy. In the darkness, amid the smoke and confusion of battle he fell by a volley from his own men. Here in the heart of conflict between two armies, enveloped by the murderous fire of shot and shell, he was born from the field a hero.

Jackson did not long for death as do many who feel that life has no more to give them. He felt that the Lord had more for him to do. But when he saw that this was not to be, when the shadow was on the wall, instantly the warrior's head bowed to the Almighty's will. He recognized the goodness of God in his departure.

He had said that he always wished to die on Sunday and now the Sabbath had come. It was a beautiful morning in May and the breath of spring in the air, it was the breath of Heaven itself.

Faintly he murmured, "Let us pass over the river and rest under the trees," and the great heart stood still.

ANNA E. SMITH.

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MISSION OF THE CLOUDS.

THERE is nothing in nature more beautiful and sublime than the forms and colors of the clouds; but being so common about us, we, perhaps, do not appreciate their beauty as we should.

Clouds may be formed of smoke or steam from a locomotive, but nearly all of them are caused by the natural condensation of vapor in the air; hence must be composed of mist, rain, snow or ice particles, and since most of the vapor is found in the lower atmosphere, are most common at a low alititude. They dot the sky in patches or clusters of every form and hue, each changing every moment in outline, thus making it impossible to give names to all. However, there are certain types that may be easily recognized: These are divided into three classes, named from their shapes.

Sometimes the sky is quite overcast by layers of clouds having a stratified appearance; hence, their name—Stratus. These are usually found low in the heavens, their bases, perhaps, resting against the hillside.

Another type is the Cumulus, seen usually in the eastern sky on a summer afternoon. These are higher than the stratus and consist mainly of cloud-banks, having a nearly level base, showing the elevation at which condensation began.

Both these and the stratus are so dense that in passing before the sun, they obscure its rays and absorb much of its heat, thus we see how they assist in maintaining the equable temperature of the earth's surface. From both stratus and cumulus clouds rain may fall, the rain-producing cloud nimbus being the birthplace of most rain-drops.

Often we see thin clouds high in the air, perhaps five or six miles from the earth; so thin that they scarcely intercept the sun's rays; so veil like that the stars may often be seen through them; and so high that their temperature must be below the freezing point,

and are therefore thought to consist of small ice crystals; these, the Cirrus, are our highest clouds, and in them coronas and halos are developed.

The clouds, sometimes serene, and sometimes wrathful, so much resemble the passions of human nature that the ancient Greek represented them as myths, giving to them names suitable to their fancied passions.

The farmer looks upon the clouds as a sort of weather bulletin. If the rising sun shines against a black cloud, he expects rain; or if it rises amid clouds, shines bright for an hour, then again is hidden by the clouds, rain is indicated; cloud-billows in parallel lines indicate rain; if not parallel, dry weather; a halo around the sun or moon is a fair omen of rain; thus, each day he studies the clouds, which are fairly true indices of the weather.

To the sailor lads the clouds are monitors; warning them against approaching storms and angry seas. We read from Dryden, "When gathering clouds o'ershadow all the skies, and shoot quick lightnings, 'Weigh, my boys,' he cries."

We may all hear a message or a warning from the clouds, for in each one is a lesson taught. In them, has nature done more to please and to instruct us, than in any other form. From them we hear a voice of sympathy for our every mood; whether in joy or sorrow, whether in failure or success, if we but look for the silent revelation.

There is never a day passes when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture and glory after glory in the etherial regions draped or trimmed in the most beautiful shades and folds of the clouds, and all persons, in all climes may behold the ever-changing beauties of the sky. "Sometimes gentle, and sometimes terrible; almost human in its passions; almost spiritual in its tenderness; it is never too good for human nature's daily food; its divine influence comforts and exalts the soul; soothes and purifies it;" fills us with awe and love for God, and inspires us to higher, nobler aims in life.

How glorious the night when the moon sends forth her mellow light, when waves of clouds roll swiftly across her face and myriads of stars peep through the thinner veils, when deep shadows and a death-like stillness makes the night seem hallowed. How divine

that influence upon the soul! Reluctantly we turn from the scene leaving the holy watchmen in their beauty till the approach of day when there comes a glorious transfiguration. "Hands of angels, unseen to mortal eyes, shift the scenery of the heavens and the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the dawn."

The deep blue of the sky now melts into "soft gray lines," while the veil of night is slowly lifted, and faint streaks of purple o'erspread the sky. In the west, massive towers of "white clouds rise with a blush to greet the King of Day."

Now the rising mists from the plains in lake-like fields, float in level bays and winding gulfs about the summits of the hills. "But when the sun emerging opes the azure sky" and sends forth his first beam upon this silvered lake, its undulating surface parts and passes away. Again we see those scattered mists rallying and floating upward, colored with the morning light, but soon their brightness has faded and they have vanished, only to appear again in splendid white towers rising higher and higher obscuring the midday sun. Then up from the pale horizon, troops of dark, heavy vapors advance, blotting the sky with colors like that of smoke from damp fuel; now we hear the low moaning of a distant storm; the flying clouds toss themselves into great heaps and overspread the whole sky; the angry elements are at war; there's a sound of crashing trees and rolling rocks; the heavens are opened and like fiery serpents, the lightnings contend with the wind. In a moment all is hushed; there is dead silence: then again the assailants rush forward in one final struggle; a greater darkness envelopes the trembling earth and the skies are rent with lightnings which nothing but the descending deluge can quench.

If there be one who fails to see the work of God in skies serene, truly he cannot close his eyes and ears against His power in the storm. "And shall any man forget the Hand that hushed the thunder and serenes the sky? "Peace," He says, and all is calm; the bright sun sends forth his beams o'er a new earth; the clouds have a look of purity and calmness that exceeds their wrath before the storm. They rise in great majesty towering like mountains and seem to be the result of years of planning, each mountain with its toppling peaks, cloven precipices and low, deep valleys between.

When the soaring Alps are overtopped and buried with one surge of the sky, we may begin to appreciate the size of the clouds.

Let us climb those silvered masses, step by step, to their radiant summits and we are impressed with the unwearying, exhaustless operations of the Divine mind, and filled with sublimest thought of His inconceivable glory. We almost hear the words of Paul, "A cloud received Him out of sight."

IDA CHAMBERS—'00.

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OLD GLORY.

MAN is a lover of emblems; his history is but a record of the rise and fall of ensigns: Beneath the Eagle of Italy there grew up, on the banks of the Tiber, a city whose scepter ruled the world; under the banner of the Cross Constantine united a dying empire for its final struggle against barbarian invaders; under the Cresent of the Prophet the followers of Islam made Europe tremble. Thus empires rose and fell, and from the ashes of antiquity there sprang up a race of men whose battle-ax has proven too powerful for the scimiter of the Turk, and whose pen has become more eloquent than the stylus of the Greek.

Now the Lily of France is matched against the hundred banners of the Fatherland; now the Spanish emblem becomes mistress of the seas, only to be succeeded by the standard of the Briton; now the Thistle and the Shamrock are arrayed against the Roses, the sword against the scepter, the feathered shaft against the glove of steel,—the world's highest civilization presents a condition of barbarism.

While these scenes of turmoil and strife were being enacted upon the stage of European diplomacy, growing up amidst the wilderness of the western world was a nation whose sword was destined to stay the arm of the oppressor, and whose torch of liberty was to become a beacon light to peoples yet sitting in the darkness of regal ignorance and superstition. While England was burdened with foreign wars and rent with civil dissentions, her daughter in the west was preparing to strike a blow for civil and religious liberty, the force of which was to prove the most powerful yet wielded in behalf of political freedom.

Born in the darkest years of its history, the banner of our nation was destined, within five years, to wave, triumphant, over the ramparts of its British foe, while the Father of his Country was receiving the surrender of George's royal colors and declaring that America had taken her place among the nations; and when the storm of battle ceased to rage, when, beyond the waves, the lion of England was chained, four million souls sustained this bright new flag of liberty, beneath whose folds the merchant plies his trade, the plow man tills his soil, and upon the plains, amidst their silvery chiming bells, the herdsman tends his flocks in peace.

Unlimited prosperity seldom attends the efforts of any race or class of men: experimenting, exploring, searching for new light and new truths, they are constantly erring in their judgments and failing in their execution. America is the greatest experiment in modern civilization; a radical departure from ancient systems, and an improvement over the governments of Europe, combining the arts and sciences of Germany and France and the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty, with a civil jurisprudence distinctively her own; though profiting by the experiences of other nations, her statesmen have wrought largely from the resources of their own originality. Is it any wonder, then, that there should have been a flaw in the plan, and that the question of State Sovereignty should have been a thorn to fester in the heart of our nation, and that, as a result, the Stars and Stripes should have suffered from the storms of a century of discord and four years of civil warfare?

From the foundation of our government these storms were brewing; all foresaw a conflict, but all were powerless to prevent it. Orators became as "sounding brass", and statesmen failed in their efforts at reconciliation;—the old flag, rent assunder, endured four years of civil strife, and, at Appomatox, drenched in the blood of her own citizens, proclaimed anew the principles of "liberty and union, one and inseparable." The sword of Lee was sheathed, the Stars and Bars of the defeated Confederacy was folded away, and the soldiers of the two mighty armies, war-worn and wasted, returned in peace to their former occupations in field and factory;—the magnanimity of the one equaled only by the quiet submission of the other.

Again the spirit of freedom, the only cause which ever prompt-

ed true Americans to unfurl the Stars and Stripes as a battle flag, has appealed to us for aid. Never was liberty's sword unsheathed more freely. The call for volunteers flashed across the continent and thousands of our bravest boys laid themselves upon the altar of universal independence, willing to dare and to do their utmost for the liberation of an oppressed people.

Dixie's doors were opened, her sons went to the front with the soldiers of the North, and the blessings and prayers of a reunited country followed our army through every land and naval battle of the sharp, decisive war. The veteran from the army of the Potomac and the veteran from the army of Virginia, who faced each other in mortal combat at Gettysburg and Antietem, saw their sons march side by side in the charge up San Juan against a common foe, and in the tears of joy that flowed, there was washed away the last semblence of sectional animosity, and the fratricidal bitterness of the past gave place to a new life of patriotism; the states which had been reunited by *civil* federation were now united by ties of common brotherhood beneath a common flag.

"Gleaming and bold, are its braids of gold,
That flash in the sun-ray's kissing;
Red, White; and Blue are of deepest hue,
And none of the stars are missing."

Never before did nation assume the defense of an oppressed people solely in the name of justice and humanity. This example of the United States marks a new epoch in the progress of mankind. Much was the significance of the flag that sunk beneath the waves with the Merimac; of the one that floated from the bow of the Oregon as she rounded Terra del Fuego, and, later, as she poured her shot and shell into the fated fleet at Santiago. Thousands of these flags throughout our beloved country, and extending to the banner of the Olymphia in the West, proclaimed the unalterable truth, the oppressor shall oppress no more.

The glory of this flag does not come alone from the victorious fields over which it has waved; not from the sacrifices which have been made that it folds may remain unsullied; although blood is the price paid for the Stars and Stripes, not from the charge of the calvary, not from the roar of the musketry, not yet from the thunder of the artillery does our ensign derive its greatest glory. The

crimson stripes immortalize our heroes of war, but the alternating white is equally suggestive of the heroes of peace, and the brilliant constellation of stars, representing the inseparable confederation of forty-five inter-dependent republics, true as the blue of the heavens, represents a union which promises to withstand the storms of centuries. A nation which receives it power to govern only from the governed; a nation of seventy million uncrowned kings; a nation of schools and of churches; a nation which bows to no potentate, professes no creed, acknowledges no superior.

Our people are the nation, and the nation is the united voice of the people.

Centuries have come and gone, and as each one inscribes its records upon the pages of history, the world marks a new step in progress; each generation adds new thoughts to the works of those that are past, seeks out new inventions, and sheds a brighter luster upon the present than has shown upon the past. Thus the advancement of civilization can be traced down through the vicissitudes of time, until we find, today,—glorious climax of the ages! that our people stand upon a higher, moral and political plane of life than any which they have before occupied.

The arts and sciences are liberally patronized under the protection of this flag; merchant vessels, sailing under the Star-Spangled banner, are an important factor in the commerce of the world, and American literature is extensively circulated and read by people of other nationalities. Our manfacturers are successfully competing for the markets of the world, our inventions are being introduced abroad, and our discoverers are constantly revealing new and undreamed of wealth and resources, which nature has held sacred since the beginning of time.

The application of natural laws has been the basil principle for American invention: compressed air is being introduced into the factory, steam is applied to commerce, and electricity annihilates distance.

The steel rail makes possible intercourse between states; the telegraph instrument in San Francisco ticks in harmony with the one in Boston, and the union of a common purpose and the ties of unity and love are strengthened by these artificial conditions. Dialects and provincialisms are gradually disappearing; local

peculiarities will soon be absorbed into the general character of the nation and disappear; individual feuds will be settled in courts of equity, and the American will cease to lift his hand against his brother. . This is indeed the ideal, and cannot be attained immediately, but the country is tending toward a unity and harmony at home, and a universal peace throughout the world.

The nineteenth century is dying, and with it is passing away much of that spirit which has steeped the earth in the blood of her noblest manhood. The federation of the world is probably an invention of the poetic mind, but certain it is, that the nations are advocating universal peace.

The recent war has been a surprise to the nations of Europe; they have suddenly become aware that America is a power indeed; that her weapons of war are unsurpassed and her mastery over them unapproachable. Complete preparation for war is the surest conservator of peace. The savage tribes of the world, half armed and poorly disciplined, are ready to take up the sword upon the smallest provocation, but the civilized powers, thoroughly drilled in the tactics of scientific warfare, and guided by the wise councils of christian statesmen, who realize the horrors of war, are becoming more liberal and deliberative in the settlement of their international disputes.

Perplexing problems, which, a few years ago, would have resulted in bloodshed, are constantly arising today, and are being settled in the councils of peace.

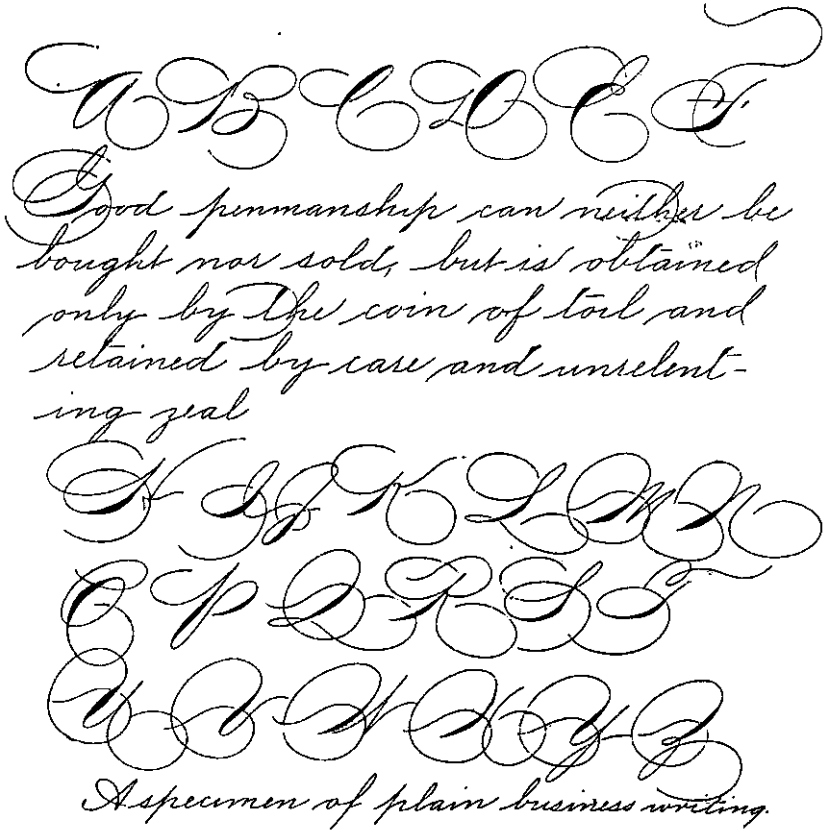
Arbitration is gaining the approval of the masses in Europe and America; jealousies and rivalry are being relegated to the past in the interest of humanity, and man stands in the enjoyment of an international fellowship never felt before.

Today "the war drums throb no longer, the battle flags are furled," and Old Glory, the greatest lover and promoter of peace, waves in peace

> "From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow,
> To where magnolia breezes blow"

and touches "the two great oceans that divide the world."

J. M. WYSOR—'00.



By PROF. W A. RIPLEY. (See page 21.)

The Parthenon.

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HUNTINGTON, W. VA. JUNE, 1899

WITH this number the PARTHENON closes its first volume. We do not intend to write a valedictory; but, with more sincerity than formality, we wish to thank those who have aided us with their contributions and material support. To faculty and students, graduates and friends of the institution we are indebted.

Especially to the business men of Huntington would we extend our thanks, and bespeak for those whose advertisements have appeared in our pages, the liberal patronage of the student body.

Aware that our ideals have not been realized,—yet hoping that our work has not been altogether in vain,—we vacate the arena to the journalistic gladiators of '99-'00, trusting that volume two will far excel these initial efforts.

—o—

OUR 30th Annual Commencement has passed into the history of Old Marshall. It was one worthy of remembrance in every way. The class was a very good one and the year the best in our history.

Beginning with Sunday, June 11, Professor MacClintock, of the University of Chicago, delivered the annual sermon—an effort worthy the attention of any audience, logical, forceful, practical, appropriate, (particularly so), beautiful, interesting, and richly instructive, a very gem of literary thoughts. The handsome Presbyterian church was filled, and the audience followed the speaker with the sympathy and earnestness of a vast chorus responding to the tones of a great church organ. It was a day in our school history that will always be bright and cheerful in memory.

The contest was the event of

the week for the literary societies, and came off in a rather happy way as to results, two classes—essay and recitation going to the Virginians, and oration and debate to the Erosophians, though financially the latter were the more fortunate, the rewards standing $15 to $35 in their favor.

Miss Nelle Patterson won the declamation by a vote of 2 to 1, Miss Viola Peters the essay by a vote of 2 to 1, Mr. Wysor the oration by a vote of 3 to 0, and Mr. Washington the debate by 2 to 1. Miss Pearl Barger, Miss Ida Chambers, Mr. P. H. Marcum, and Mr. Bruffey, of the opposition, did their parts in a most successful manner. The compliments for Mr. Bruffey were numerous and most complimentary, indeed, and one of the judges most vigorous in his advocacy of a decision in his favor; the same was the case with the recitation, one of the judges insisting that the skill required to overcome disadvantages encountered naturally in Miss Barger's case, entitled her, upon the measure of success she attained, to the decision. But the final vote was as stated above, and the Second Annual Contest passed upon the records of the history of the societies in favor of the Erosophians by decree of those appointed to judge.

Judge Pugh's address to the graduates on commencement night was one of the most pleasing, forceful, and practical ever delivered before a Huntington audience. It was superbly rich in good sound advice and suggestions, appropriate and appropriable, and peculiarly happy in both matter and manner of delivery.

Prof. McMurry's address was singularly appropriate for normal school graduates, and showed that scholarly gentleman the authority that he is on normal work. The very highest compliments were paid him by everyone competent to nuderstand and to appreciate his line of thought.

Mr. Corbly presented the class to State Supt., Trotter, in the briefest possible manner, and Mr. Trotter's address was correspondingly brief and direct.

Miss Georgie Miller and Miss Euphia Booth sang in their usual charming and artistic style.

The week was cool and pleasant, and not a jar of any kind occurred to mar the attractive program of the week in any way.

—o—

We take pleasure in giving our penman space in this number for a few strokes from his

facile pen. Mr. Ripley is no less skillful in the other lines of pen art and makes a specialty of plain, rapid, business writing, a specimen of which is given at the bottom of this cut. We believe that it is essential to have skilful teaching in penmanship as well as in other arts. Writing is a fine and beautiful manual art. It has its methods and principles, its right and its wrong ways, but any one who has not been spoiled by long years of bad practice habits, can learn to write and write artistically. The expert teacher can help the learner to avoid the errors that lead to bad habits in practice and thus save him much time and unnecessary harmful practice. Under the supervision of Mr. Ripley our penmanship department should become a leading feature. The cut given in this number was engraved directly from the written copy, being reduced one-half.

—o—

VIRGINIAN RECEPTION.

The members of the entertainment committee in casting about them for a plan for the society's annual entertainment, which would be unique, interesting and *restful* after the mental strain of the past thirty-nine weeks, decided to have a reception on Marshall College lawn with music, refreshments, etc., in which everything of a literary character should be for once entirely dispensed with. But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," and the elements were out of sympathy with their plans on this, as well as on many previous occasions, and a drizzling all-day rain compelled them to use the porches and parlors of the college building instead of the lawn. But the spirits of the Virginians were not dampened even if the grass was, and the most was made of the situation.

The parlors and porches were brightly illuminated, rugs were spread here and there, rocking chairs, divans, etc., were placed in every available spot, beautiful flowers added their beauty and fragrance, sweet strains of music floated through the air, and "joy was unconfined."

Invitations were extended to a number of persons outside of the school and a large company was in attendance.

Step by step, along all lines, Old Marshall is coming to the front.

A marked feature of the entertainment was the interest manifested by the public in the

school and the society work—an interest apparently much greater than has been shown in any previous year.

The whole entertainment was a decided success.

Prof. Simpson, beloved by the whole school for the sake of his work in the past, was present—a fact which added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

All present seemed entertained and happy, and all hope to have just such another occasion next year.

***

"Real life is being *you*; and being *you* is your ideal."

EROSOPHIAN NOTES.

All things pleasant have an end; the day of parting comes when we must say good bye to all our friends in the society; lock up our Erosophian hall, (as the temple of Janus was locked in time of peace); and enjoy a season of rest from our literary contests.

We reflect with pleasure upon the work of the past year and look forward with broad hopes and aspiration for the year of '99-'00.

The meetings for the past

month have been very interesting and much enthusiasm has been displayed on the part of the various members concerning the approaching contest.

At one of our late meetings the following officers were elected for the fall term of 1899: For president, W. C. Washington; for vice president, Anna E. Smith; for secretary, Villa Washington; for assistant secretary, G. E. Richmond; treasurer, C. H. Matics, and James M. Wysor was elected critic.

The public entertainment given June 13th was quite a success, judging from the appreciation of the audience.

The address given to the society on the same evening by Mr. Corbly was quite encouraging to the members and they seemed inspired to better work.

The society was successful in the contest to the extent of gaining the debate and oration, making a sum of $35 to the society. W. C. Washington, the debator, came off victorious, and J. M. Wysor, the orator, appointed less than a week before the contest to fill the vacancy made by the illness of H. C. Warth, carried off the honors. He received a unanimous vote of the judges. Mr. Wysor would have us believe that, "Whereever there is a will there is a way."

Several of the members having received positions will remain in the city during the summer, and not return home until late in the season.

Erosophians, don't forget your society this summer and each one bring an extra member with you next fall.

***

Whereas; the Erosophians contestants, for the year 1899, having acquitted themselves in creditable manner. Therefore, be it,

Resolved, by the members of the Erosophian Literary society, that we extend to them our thanks and appreciation for their faithful and earnest efforts. Be it further,

Resolved, that a copy of these resolution be presented to each contestant and also that a copy be furnished the Parthenon for publication.

ANNA SMITH
L. G. ATEN } Committee
R. H. RILEY